DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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A TEMPERANCE ARCADIA AND ITS FOUNDER.

All who can speak with authority agree that the great outstanding curse of our country is "the drink." An evening paper lately termed it "the mother of many miseries." We are roundly told by philanthropists that if the money which goes into the all-devouring maw of the publican's till were devoted to righteous uses, the pauperism of our great cities would recede almost to vanishing point. With one consent our judges say that the drink is the parent of nearly all the crime. Statisticians declare that it compasses, directly or indirectly, the premature death of 120,000 persons within these realms every solar cycle. Mr. Gladstone has made the startling assertion that the roll-call of its victims exceeds those of war, famine, and pestilence combined.

One might naturally suppose that, as a practical and sensible people, we would make all speed to relieve the nation from such a fearful incubus. Strange to say, we do not. The statesman we have named has done much to aggravate the situation —unintentionally, we doubt not—by his Grocers' Licences Bill; but neither he nor his colleagues have made any serious effort to ward off the giant evil he has so graphically portrayed. And other Governments have followed suit. What can be the cause of our amazing supineness? In plain, if somewhat inelegant, English, it is this: "There is money in it." While we have slept, the enemy has been stealthily but steadily sowing the tares, and a crop of so called "vested interests" has sprung up. For these we calmly barter away hecatombs of the bodies and souls of men. Strangest fact of all, the professing Church of Christ is so implicated, by actual participation in, and patronage of, the traffic, or by the receipt of blood-money and hush-money from those whom it has enriched, that her collective testimony is virtually powerless.

A black enough picture truly; but none too black. We turn from it with all the greater relief to welcome a ray of light that comes from across "the silver streak." In these days we are almost ready to believe that no good thing can come out of poor, unhappy Ireland. And yet it is there that we find this great problem solved; not on a very extended scale, it is true, but large enough to show that it is possible and practicable. The name and fame of Bessbrook have gone throughout the world. Across the Atlantic we find great communities slowly struggling through seas of turmoil and conflict towards the peaceful shores of prohibition. Across the Irish Channel we find a veritable Arcadia, where, in the words of one who knows whereof she writes:—

It is a fact that we are happy here without that which is separating so many from God. The people are quiet and contented, while the work of God is flourishing among the youth.

Surely that is a phase of Home Rule that "Whig and Tory," Radical and Nationalist should "all agree" to establish in the Green Isle, from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay. Meantime, let us take a peep at Bessbrook, an Ulster town of nearly 4,000 inhabitants. It was founded as a temperance colony some forty years ago by Mr. J. G. Richardson. He has now attained to an almost patriarchal age, having been born in 1813; for many years he has been a leading member in the Society of Friends, consistently carrying out their principles of a humble walk with God, and earnest labor for the good of others. Like his immediate ancestor, his worldly calling is that of a linen manufacturer, and his firm has a reputation for genuine, honest work in that branch of industry, as high as that enjoyed by "the house of Morley" in another branch. The Bessbrook damasks are unexcelled, we believe, in the markets of the world. It has been said of the goods that come from Mr. Richardson's looms. "You may purchase them in the dark.' If we covered reams of paper we could formulate no higher praise than that. But our object in drawing attention to Bessbrook is mainly to gather from its history the light it throws on the only satisfactory solution of the ever-present and ever-pressing drink problem.

JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON.

Mr. Richardson and his partners chose a spot in County Armagh, near which Mr. Richardson owns an estate of 6,000 acres, and there erected a great linen factory, and established the colony, as we have said, on strictly temperance lines. The motto was "No public-house." The natural corollary is that there is and has been no prison, no police, no paupers, and no pawnshop. Only think of London being without each of the five items in that small pack of p's! If our faith were strong enough, and our works did but correspond, we suppose it ought to be done. The hand of the Lord is not shortened; therefore the preventing cause must lie in our unbelief, because of which he cannot do his mighty work.

It is true, no doubt, that in Bessbrook they began well, and that is half the battle. The entire works, we are told, employ about four thousand men, women, and children. Though the accursed drink is not to be bought in the township for love or money, it can be had in Newry, which is not three miles distant. There is no sumptuary law in Bessbrook compelling the people to abstain. Some do walk to the neighboring town to procure liquor, but the moral education of the temperance system has been such that the householders of the place have endorsed the prohibitory arrangement by a vote of six to one. And so Bessbrook, to quote the expressive words of an impartial correspondent of *Land and Water*, "stands out like a gem in this sombre and commonplace world, and like a star in the black sky of crime and intemperance."

There do not seem to be any workless workers in Bessbrook. From morn to eve the whirr of the wheels and the click of the spindles are heard; and the beautiful, well-compacted material is unceasingly turned out, to find acceptance with housewives, the wide world over, as the product of clear heads, and supple, steady hands. Some £70,000 per annum are distributed as wages, but it does not go to enrich the brewer and the publican, at the expense of the health and morals of the people. Mr. Richardson has erected pretty and suitable homes for his workers, and no Court is needed to reduce rack rents. There they live in comfort and independence. Every house has its garden, so that there is plenty for the men to do during the leisure hours. For winter evenings there is a Library Institute, with its reading, lecture, and recreation rooms. There is a dispensary, supported by a common sick fund, to which all contribute their quota. There are excellent schools, supported also by a small general tax, in proportion to the size of the family. There is a savings bank, the depositors in which receive four percent interest; some of these have placed there goodly sums to meet the calls of the inevitable rainy day. No sort of favoritism is shown in matters of religious creed; for there are five places of worship—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Society of Friends, and Roman Catholic. All these are supported by their congregations without the aid of any stretch from the State. Like an

enlightened and benevolent autocrat, Mr. Richardson is no slave to modern notions of political and social economy; for he restricts competition in the trades of the town so that all may have a fair chance of a decent livelihood. A fine grey granite quarry on the estate gives employment to many men who cannot work in the mills.

The place, in short, has been well described as "a model town," and they seem to be a model population. We do not suppose they have succeeded in excluding original sin with the beer cask and the whiskey bottle; but "the devil in solution" always brings with him seven other devils as bad as himself; and the one being kept out, the others have not the congenial soil in which to take root.

All this, and more, has been accomplished by Mr. Richardson, aided by his like-minded earnest and devoted wife. We are delighted to know that Mr. Richardson, jun., follows in his father's footsteps, and for some years represented the temperance interest in Parliament as senior member for County Armagh. Mr. Richardson believes that many of the ills that afflict his native land would vanish if the drink were expelled. In a letter addressed to Mr. Gladstone some five years ago, when that gentleman was in office, he said:—

I am firmly convinced that if the Ministry had done their first work, and had braved the opposition of the spirit trade, they would have had a greater blessing on their labors for Ireland as well as England. It is a well-known fact that not a meeting for rapine and murder takes place in Ireland at which whiskey does not play a prominent part, and that our poor countrymen would be incapable of committing the outrages which have taken place without the stimulus of whiskey. It is well known, too, that the amount drunk in whiskey and beer at least equalled the rental paid during the last three years, and we have proof that where least rent was paid most whiskey was sold. God only knows how many murders were hatched in public-houses, or how many publicans licensed by the Government have taken part in the disturbances! Apropos of licensed spirit dealers, how is it that no effort has been made even to prevent the increase of a class which, in case of temperance legislation, you and others have stated would be fairly entitled to compensation? The effect of this constant increase must surely be a corresponding increase in the liabilities of the nation, not to speak of all the acknowledged evils of which the trade is a fruitful source.

Mr. Richardson's manly and Christian appeal does not seem to have met with any favorable response, and the "Irish question" is as far off from solution, apparently, as ever. Most heartily do we re-echo the desire expressed by Mr. Richardson in a letter to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, written about the same time: "How one longs for men in the spirit of Wilberforce to arise on either side of the House and shake it to the centre, as he did on the slave question." All honor to our Bessbrook friends that they have given to the country, and to the world, an object-lesson of such pregnant meaning and importance. We believe it is largely in the line of such industrial colonies, where our people will have honest work, fair wages, and wholesome dwellings, without the temptations of the drink, and aided by religious influence, that a way will be found out of the labyrinth of evils clustering around the alcohol, that bids fair to lure us on to social and national ruin.—*The Christian.*

A DANGER SIGNAL.

Miss Willard, writing notes of a meeting which she attended says:—

At the conclusion of Judge Tourgee's speech, Rev. D. C. Babcock performed an "eye opening" experiment. He poured out one teaspoonful of Jamaica ginger and set fire to it with a match; blew this out, and set fire to it again until it was all gone, except a small deposit of Jamaica ginger. He told us that a Philadelphia druggist informed him that the usual strength was ninety-five percent of alcohol, since it required that much to macerate the ginger. He said that "hop bitters" have fourteen percent of alcohol by weight, and eighteen percent by volume (they usually drink it by volume). He told us to carry out these experiments with reference to other drinks. "Make a hole in the top of a vial containing hop bitters; put in a goose quill, and put the whole in a pan of water. Water boils at 212 degrees, alcohol at 172 degrees. You will see the latter boiling and bubbling up, and can burn it long before the water in the bitters will boil."

This is a good hint for Bands of Hope. In my judgment we must clean out the medicine closet as well as the sideboard; paregoric, camphor bottle, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and all—turn them all out, for we have discerned in these piping times of unpeacefulness that hot water is far better than any of them for all the diseases they were superstitiously supposed to cure.

Rev. C. H. Mead told us how the wine sauce made at his boarding-house had aroused the drink appetite five years after he had reformed, so that going to his room he clutched his fingers till the blood was drawn, and the tendons stood out like whipcords, and how he wrestled in prayer until he received strength to control himself. He told us of a young reformed man in Buffalo whose appetite was aroused by intoxicating wine at the Lord's table; how he fell; had delirium tremens, and on the next Friday was dead. I thought while he spoke how evermore the spirit breaks in upon the form. "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, that ye break every yoke?" mint, rue and cummin have been cherished, and weightier matters of human destiny passed lightly over; unleavened bread not insisted upon, but a substitute for fermented wine considered sacrilegious; to wash the feet, not a command, though as specifically spoken of—but intoxicating wine held to with solemn devotion. We must look broadly at these things. We must, like flies, have eyes all round. Will white-ribboners please sharpen their pencils and take notes?

THE WHITE MAN'S BOOK.

One of the most touching and romantic incidents in history is that of the pilgrimage of four Nez Perces Indians from the Columbia River, Oregon, to St Louis, Mo., in 1832, when that town was but a military outpost and fur trading station. The Nez Perces had learned from an American trader much about the white man's art and wisdom; he told them that the pale faces owed their greatness to the teachings of the Supreme God; that they possessed God's book of wisdom, which they could read; this book revealed the secrets of life and of the hereafter; taught them to be good and wise. The Nez Perces talked much among themselves about this wonderful book and held anxious councils over their camp-fires. The desire to learn more about the white man's God grew upon them and became their uppermost thought. Finally two trusted old braves and two stalwart young braves were chosen for the mission.

On foot they journeyed the trail of many moons toward the rising sun, enduring unspeakable hardships, encountering many perils, crossing the great rivers on improvised rafts, scaling the mountain ranges, stealing silently by night through the land of the fierce Black Feet and other hostile tribes, covering their tracks, subsisting solely on the game of the forest and plains. Thus for more than two thousand miles they wended their way to the white man's camp. They arrived, and though they marvelled at the many strange sights, the great lodges and the huge fire; canoes as large as islands paddled without hands, yet their sacred errand was uppermost in their thoughts. They were feasted cordially and abundantly, decked with finery and showy blankets; in truth, for kindness and entertainment they lacked naught. But to them their mission was a failure—they sought in vain for "the book."

St. Louis was exclusively a Roman Catholic town, and, as is well known, it is not the custom or policy of that church to give the Bible to the people.

The two old braves died in St. Louis and one of the young men contracted a disease from which he died on his homeward journey. On taking their departure, their hearts burdened with disappointment, one of them delivered the following speech to Gen. Clark, then commanding the station, in the presence of a small group of officers and traders:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You are the friends of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies, and with strong hands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters—we leave asleep here by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's book of heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do ours, and the book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. * * * I am going back the long, sad trail, to my people of the dark land. * * * You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts and my moccasins will grow old in carrying them, but the book is not among them. When I tell my poor blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. * * * My people will lie in darkness and they will go on the long way to the other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's book to make the way plain. * * * I have no words."

Then sadly and silently they took their homeward trail.—*Michigan Advocate.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON II.—JULY 14.

THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF ELI.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.

COMMIT VERSES 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.—1 Sam. 3: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We cannot keep the sin and escape the consequences.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 2: 12-17.
T. 1 Sam. 2: 27-36.
W. 1 Sam. 4: 1-18.
Th. Ps. 78: 56-64.
F. Deut. 28: 15-25.
Sa. Prov. 1: 20-33.
Su. Heb. 12: 1-13.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *The words of Samuel:* this sentence belongs to the last chapter. It shows how wide Samuel's influence extended during the 20 years. *The Philistines:* a rich warlike nation on the west coast of Palestine. *Apek:* a place near Ebenezer. 3. *Let us fetch the ark:* thinking that God would protect the ark, even if with it he had to save them while still unrepentant. 4. *Which dwelleth between the cherubim:* Here God manifested his glory between the cherubim over the ark. *Hophni and Phinehas:* see above. By this plan they were brought into the battle to be slain. 10. *Into his tent:* i. e., home (Josh 22: 8). 11. *Ark of God taken:* a proof that God had departed from them. *Hophni and Phinehas....slain:* the sign fulfilled, foretold by Samuel (2: 34). 12. *Ran:* a professional runner, accomplishing his 15 miles in the hours of daylight remaining after the battle. A tradition of the Jews says it was Saul fleeing with the tables rescued from the ark. 13. *Seat:* a judgment-seat or throne at the entrance of the city. It had a canopy over it, but no back to the seat. 18. *When he made mention of the ark:* this shows how Eli prized God and his religion above all personal possessions.

SUBJECT: SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE SIN OF ELI'S SONS.—What were the names of Eli's sons? What was their position in the temple service? What kind of men were they? (2: 12-17.) What effect did their crimes have upon the religious life of the people? (2: 17.) Against what good influences did they go on in sin? By whom were they warned? (2: 23-25, 27.) What is said of disobedient children? (Deut. 21: 18-21: Prov. 29: 20; 30: 17.)

II. THE SIN OF ELI.—What hints do you find in this story of the good character of Eli? (1: 17; 3: 6, 18; 4: 18.) What was his great fault? (2: 29; 3: 13.) Did this excuse his sons? Why are the sins of good men recorded in the Bible?

III. THE SINS OF THE PEOPLE.—How long had the people been under judges? (Over 300 years.) What shows their character at this time? (Judg. 13: 1.) Into what sin were they led by Hophni and Phinehas? (2: 17.) What does Jeremiah say? (Jer. 7: 12.) What shows that they had fallen into idolatry? (Ps. 78: 57, 58.)

IV. THE PUNISHMENT OF THE PEOPLE (vs. 1-10).—Who were oppressing the Israelites at this time? (v. 1; Judg. 13: 1.) How long had this oppression continued? Should this have led the people to repentance? (Deut. 8: 2; Ezek 18: 30; 2 Chron. 7: 14.) Does God love to punish? (Ezek. 18: 30-32.) Where was a great battle fought? (vs. 1, 2.) What did the Israelites now do in order to gain the victory? Was this of any use so long as they did not repent? Can any form or holy place save us, unless we obtain new hearts by faith? Relate the story of the reception of the ark in camp. What was the result of the next day's battle? What similar event took place twelve centuries later for the same reason? (Matt. 21: 1, 2.) What great lesson do you learn from this?

V. THE PUNISHMENT OF ELI'S SONS (v. 11).—How did the priests Hophni and Phinehas come to be in the battle? What became of them? When was this foretold? (2: 34.) Had they had abundant opportunity to repent? What is said of such persons? (Prov. 1: 20-32.) Is this as true now as then? Is there any promise of good for disobedient children?

VI. THE DEATH OF ELI (vs. 12-18).—Who brought the news of the battle to Shiloh? How far? What was Eli doing when the messenger came? How did he learn the news? What was the effect upon him? What lesson do you learn from the death of Eli?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Children may grow up bad amid good influences.

II. In disorderly families both parents and children are usually to blame.

III. God gives abundant time for repentance.

IV. The most sacred religious forms will not save us without the spirit of religion.

LESSON III.—JULY 21.

SAMUEL THE REFORMER.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.

COMMIT VERSES 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—Isa. 1: 16-17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of salvation is through repentance of sin and turning to the Lord.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 5: 1-12.
T. 1 Sam. 6: 1-21.
W. 1 Sam. 7: 1-17.
Th. Ps. 130: 1-8.
F. Ps. 107: 1-21.
Sa. Ps. 99: 1-9.
Su. 2 Cor. 7: 8-16.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Kirjath-jearim:* about 9 miles west of Jerusalem. *Sanctified:* consecrated, not as priest, but to have care of the ark. 3. *Ashtaroth:* plural of Ashtoreth, meaning the many images of the female deity of the Phœnicians. *Prepare your hearts:* fix your hearts on God. 4. *Baalim:* plural of Baal, the male deity of the Phœnicians; the sun. 6. *Poured it out:* (1) showing that, like this water, their promises could never be returned to them. Hence, it was an act of confirmation of their words. (2) A confession of weakness. (3) A complete renunciation of their idolatry: none was left. *Samuel judged Israel:* became the recognized judge, a civil, religious, and military leader. 9. *A sucking lamb:* new and innocent, as a symbol of the new life to be begun. 11. *Bethcar:* near *Ebenezer.*

SUBJECT: A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

QUESTIONS.

I. PREPARATION FOR A REVIVAL (vs. 1, 2).—To what place was the ark brought? Who had the care of it? How many years between the sad battle of our last lesson and the assembly of to-day's? What was Samuel probably doing all this time? (vs. 3, 6, 9; 7: 15-17.) Should we be discouraged because it takes a long time to bring about a reform?

II. A SUMMONS TO A NEW LIFE (v. 3).—What was the substance of Samuel's preaching during the 20 years? What were the people to turn from? Who were Ashtaroth and Baalim? What things were the people to do? Was it of any use to do these unless with all the heart? What promise was made to them if they did these things? Have we need to have religion revived in our hearts? Does our church need a revival? What must we forsake? What must we do?

III. FRUITS MEET FOR REPENTANCE (vs. 4-6).—(1) To what longing did the people come during the 20 years? (v. 2.) How is this longing expressed in the Psalms? (Ps. 42: 1; 84: 1, 2.) (2) How did the people show that they truly repented? Did it cost them anything to give up these idols and their worship? What idols have we to give up? (Ezek. 14: 3. First commandment.) Is it hard to give up the idols of our hearts? Can we have eternal life unless we do? (3) What assembly of the people was held? Where? What did Samuel do for the people? What three things did the people do? What was the meaning of the act of pouring out water? Why is confession of sin necessary as well as turning from it?

IV. THE BLESSINGS WHICH FOLLOWED (vs. 7-12).—What opposition did the meeting of the Israelites arouse? Is there apt to be opposition when Christians are active? What preparations did the Israelites make to meet the attack? Is it good to ask others to pray for us? Whose example do we follow when we pray for others? (Heb. 7: 25.) How did the Lord give Israel the victory? What part did the people have in it? What part does God have in our salvation? What is our part? Repeat verses showing the necessity of the Holy Spirit. (John 14: 16; 16: 13; Rom. 8: 14; Eph. 4: 30.) What memorial did Samuel set up? What great defeat had occurred in this same place? (See last lesson.) Give another example like this. (Josh. 7: 1-20; Hos. 2: 15.) Can we say "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Long years of preparation are needed for a great work.

II. God will revive us again, when we turn from sin and serve him with all our hearts.

III. Leaving all sin, casting out "the idols of our hearts" is the proof of true repentance.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Third Quarter, 1889.)

1. July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Sam 3: 1-14.
2. **July 14.—The Sorrowful Death of Eli.—1 Sam. 4: 1-18.**
3. **July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Sam. 7: 1-12.**
4. July 28.—Israel asking for a king.—1 Sam. 8: 4-20.
5. Aug. 4.—Saul Chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE EVOLUTION OF MRS. THOMAS.

BY MRS. MARY H. FIELD.

The whistles blew vigorously for noon in the little California city where Mrs. Thomas lived. Noon to her meant, chiefly, dinner-time. In just ten minutes there would be an irruption into her dining-room of six hungry boys and girls with their father, who, if not equally hungry, was sure to be in as great a hurry for his mid-day meal. Mrs. Thomas therefore made haste to take up her dinner. She was a slight, active woman, with capable, energetic movements, and with a pleasant, matronly face, lit by a pair of fine eyes of that peculiar hazel color which leaves one in doubt as to whether they are gray or brown, and which usually are the windows of a clear and strong spirit. Lines of care and toil marked her forehead, for the half dozen expected young people were all her own, and one doesn't have such possessions without paying the cost, especially where there has not been a full purse to make some of the burdens lighter.

The dining-room was simply furnished, and its clean, painted floor uncarpeted; but the table was nicely spread, and as the food was brought in from the adjoining kitchen it looked inviting indeed—roast lamb, with potatoes and turnips, white and brown bread, cabbage salad, and a great dish of fruit for dessert. It was scarcely on the table when in streamed the young folks, ranging downward in ages from eighteen to eight—noisy, happy, overflowing with young life.

"Hello, mamma!" shouted little Dick, the youngest and most uproarious—"Is dinner ready? I'm starved to death."

"Don't say 'hello' to mamma," said sixteen-year-old Mary; "it isn't polite."

"Run out and wash, boys, before you set down," said the mother—a command which she had issued at least ten thousand times before—and as the younger boys reluctantly filed out, the oldest of them, a young grammarian of twelve, fired back a parting shot: "It isn't set down, it's sit." There was evidently a little western insubordination in the house, or at least a lack of deference, for a moment afterward, when the mother said to the eldest boy, "Albert, you better carve the meat, pa ain't in sight yet," she was again set right by a young critic—"Pa isn't in sight, you mean." Then, as the good daughter Mary saw a little flush run over her mother's patient face, she came to the rescue. "Who cares whether mamma says isn't or ain't? She cooks the best dinners in this town. Look at this lovely bread!"

"Fact," said Albert, sententiously; "pass it this way, will you? Good bread's better than grammar any day."

The father came in—a quiet, gray-eyed man with an absorbed, reflective manner. His presence was not the slightest check upon the gay talk of the children, although they made place for him with affectionate eagerness. "You are late, papa," said Mary. "Is every thing right at the office?"

"Well, not exactly," he answered. "A few of the men are making a great ado about our giving a job to some Chinamen."

"The selfish, mean things!" cried Mary.

"The wise, far-seeing, hard-working men," retorted Albert.

"I can't get along at all with our work," said the mother, "if the Chinese laundry has to go. I believe in 'living and letting live.'"

"You haven't read history," said Albert, "nor political economy. You might think as men do if you had;" and the young lord of creation helped himself again to the delicately browned meat and perfectly cooked vegetables.

Mr. Thomas seemed too keenly appreciative of the dinner, and too far off in thought, to notice his wife's discomfiture. But he came back to present company and conversation with some animation when Mary said, appealingly, "Papa I'm going to bring my arithmetic home to-night, and get you to show me about some points in percentage."

"All right, Molly, I'll do it," he said, cheerfully, for if there was any thing Mr. Thomas liked it was "figuring." He had a natural taste for it, and his long experience as book-keeper for a lumber firm had kept him in practice.

When evening came the Thomas household settled down to work in very pleasant fashion. It was December, and the rain was pattering down outside in a soft and steady way, making the cheerful firelight and lamplight within seem all the more delightful. The three little boys, Frank and James and Dick, had a new *Rural Press*, and put their eager young heads together to look at the "Young Folks' Column," as it lay spread out on the table. Albert and Mary were working with pencils and note-books, appealing occasionally to their father, whose opinions and explanations they received with great confidence. Albert was in the intricacies of book-keeping, and they talked about "balancing" and "debtor side" and "credit side," "single entry" and "double entry," with a knowledge which seemed to Mrs. Thomas simply wonderful. Mary propounded her knotty arithmetic questions to her father now and then, while Amy, a fourteen-year-old girl, was busily diagraming sentences from her Lessons in Language. Poor Mrs. Thomas, diligently darning stockings, felt strangely lonely and shut out.

Amy held up her note-book in triumph. "I've got through at last," she said. "Look at them, ma; see how we have to box up the words and hitch them together in this fashion."

Mrs. Thomas surveyed the work in mild astonishment, and Amy, not at all averse to a little display, said: "See, here's the subject with its adjective modifiers, and here's the predicate with its adverbial modifiers, and here is a clause branching off by itself, with its attribute complement, and here at the end of all is the object complement."

"Indeed!" was all that Mrs. Thomas could venture in reply. In her girlhood she had liked grammar and been quite a famous parser, but this new diagram jargon was all Greek to her, and she gave it up as she would a hard conundrum.

The boys, Frank and James, now clamored for Amy to join them in a game of authors.

"Well, who'll be the fourth one?" she said, "Dick can't play; he is too little, and it's his bed-time, too," she added, as she saw his injured look.

"I should think ma might," said Frank, in a reflective tone, "even if she hasn't read the books."

"No," said James, "she'd make as big mistakes as Dick. Let's wait for Mary."

Mrs. Thomas set her work-basket hastily aside. "Come, Dick," she said, "I'll go up stairs with you," and when Dick was tucked up in bed she stooped over him to kiss him good-night.

"Why, ma," he said, "your cheeks is wet; you ain't crying, are you, ma?"

"Never mind, Dick," she answered; "go to sleep." Then she went into her own room for a few moments and "had it out" in a burst of bitter tears. She thought of her youth with its scanty opportunities, so well appreciated and used; of her love of books and intellectual things, which had only been put aside and smothered by the pressing necessities of her married life. She thought how she had gradually suffered herself to lapse into ignorance, scarcely taking time to read the weekly religious paper—and that only because on Sunday the mending basket couldn't be brought out, and so there was an hour or two of time which that blessed newspaper filled. And now her children were getting far beyond her in book knowledge, and in their heedless young fashion they had to-day shown in so many ways their perception of this fact. Was there no help for it? Must she just stay in the kitchen and drudge away her life, and let the children drift beyond her because she could not be a companion for them? Mrs. Thomas was a clear-headed little woman, not at all given to the blues or to useless tears. She had a way of arriving at conclusions. So she said to herself: "I believe there is no need of this; I am forty years old, to be sure, but I have good eyes and a good head! I'll see what I can do. These children shall respect their mother for something besides her cookery."

(To be Continued.)

SOME HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIES.

It is said that there is enough substance thrown away and squandered in American families to keep the moderate French or English family; and although that is probably an exaggerated statement, there is a moral in it. The American marketer buys usually the best; it appears upon her table once, is sometimes warmed over for a second dish or for breakfast, sometimes not, and Bridget does as she pleases with the fragments, either giving or throwing them away. An English woman buys, let us say, a roasting piece of beef; she too, buys the best, because, as she will use it, it is the cheapest. The upper cut makes one day's dinner handsomely; the under cut, in thin slices, carved across instead of up and down fried in butter, and served on mashed potatoes or on rice, garnishing the dish to make it seem like something choicer, and add to appetite, makes a second dinner; then the long end piece, which has remained untouched, makes an excellent stew with tomatoes or carrots and potato balls for a third dinner, being cooked and cooled so as to remove the grossness, and then warmed up again; the various fragments either make a pie, or, hashed and spiced or curried, answer for a fourth dinner, which will be pieced out, as one may say, by a rather daintier dessert than usual, as the case will be also with the fifth dinner—a soup of the bones that remain, made hearty with vegetables; and, after all, there is left a store of invaluable dripping. An English woman is equally economical concerning the ham; when no more slices can be cut from the bone, there is yet a small quantity of dry meat upon it that would seem to most of our housekeepers as something rather worthless. Not so to this good woman; it is dried a little further, and then grated from the bone, and put away in jars, to be taken out and seasoned on requirement for the enrichment of omelets, for spreading upon savory dishes of toast which make a nice addition to breakfast or lunch, for stuffing olives, and making sandwiches, after which grating the bone serves to flavor soup. Whenever she has a few slices of heterogeneous cold meats, she has countless palatable ways of using them—deviled, broiled in a batter, scalloped, minced, into croquettes or mayonnaises.—*Exchange.*

FRUIT PRESERVING.

JELLIES, JAMS, AND JULY GOOSEBERRIES.

Early in July the good housekeeper begins to think of her jelly and jam. It is a great mistake to put off making currant jelly till the end of the season, for the best jelly is made of currants not perfectly ripe. Those used for preserves should be fully ripe. To keep a light color in jelly, care should be taken not to cook the sugar long, as this will darken the fruit and cause it to "candy." Some persons are very successful in making currant jelly by merely heating the sugar in the oven and, after the juice has boiled twenty minutes, adding the sugar and leaving it over the fire only until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. This makes the jelly of a beautiful color and delicate flavor, but it is not usually so firm as that made by the common method of boiling twenty minutes before, and ten after, the sugar is added. Do not "skimp" your sugar, a pound to a pint is the only safe rule.

The best jelly-bag is made of new flannel. Take a square of flannel and fold it to make a double three-cornered piece; sew up one side; this leaves a large opening by which to put in the fruit, and the juice will all run to the point, the weight of the fruit pressing it out. Do not squeeze the bag. Very little juice can be gained in that way and what is will be of an inferior quality. It will not pay for the labor.

Currant and apple jellies are the easiest to make, as they are surest to be firm. Apple juice will help to harden jellies that incline to be thin. Much of the jelly in the market is made from apple stock with flavoring of various kinds to justify the labels attached. It would be well if nothing more harmful was ever used.

A delicious raspberry jelly may be made by using one quart of currants to a pint of raspberries. Pick over the fruit, leaving the currants on the stem, but taking out all leaves. Mash the currants and put them over the fire to scald, then pour them, hot, into the bag. Take the juice that runs out at once and pour over the raspberries. Scald this and put it into another bag. Let both hang over night. In the morning measure the juice, putting currant and raspberry together, and weigh a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil the juice well before putting the sugar in; it must boil twenty minutes at least. Add the sugar and let boil ten minutes longer; skim carefully; if the juice does not look clear, the white of an egg may be added.

Crab-apples make a very firm and palatable jelly. The Siberian crab-apples are easily obtained and are fine in flavor, but, if one can get them, the wild crab-apples (the sour, green things that grow on thorny trees in the country) give the greatest satisfaction. They have a spicy flavor and a pleasant acid which are particularly delightful to invalids. The juice of the crab-apple, of either kind, may be used for jelly with that of other fruits, such as peach, raspberry or cherry, and gives firmness without injuring the flavor. The proportion may be left to the taste of the jelly-maker.

Quince jelly is easily made from the parings, and odd pieces of fruit, left after preserving, but it is not well to leave the seeds in, as they tend to make the jelly sticky and ropy. Grape jelly should be made before the grapes turn. A good old cook-book says, "In making jelly, do but little at a time to keep it of a light color and crisp and firm. Bright, fair weather improves the color and flavor of jelly."—*Good Housekeeping.*

GRANULATED WHEAT BREAD.—Take a pint of actively boiling water, salted slightly, and add enough fine granulated wheat flour to form a thin mush, to this stir in a quart of tepid water, a small piece of butter, two eggs, well beaten, one-half teacup of New Orleans molasses, and one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in a little water; thicken it as stiff as it can be stirred with a spoon with cold-blast flour, and put each loaf in a separate pan; let it stand until it puffs up nicely, and then bake in a quick oven two hours.

PUZZLES—NO. 13.

WHAT WAS THE NUMBER?

A little girl, when asked how many Sundays she had been absent from Sunday-school, replied: "If you add the number of stripes Paul received to the number of days Paul was blind, divide by the number of years Paul spent in Greece, subtract the number of hours Paul spent 'in the deep,' multiply by the number of years Paul spent in his own hired house, divide by the number of Paul's epistles, subtract the number of anchors cast out when Paul was shipwrecked, you will have the number of Sundays I was absent, and the answer to this riddle."

DIAMOND.

1. A vowel. 2. A servile imitator. 3. Gave rise to a contention between Juno, Minerva and Venus. 4. A forest tree. 5. The most frequent vowel in the English language. GEO. E. SMITH.

ANAGRAMS.

(Names of noted men).

1. Then warm at old.
2. We care in danger.
3. Our voters' bones listen.

ENIGMA.

I'm in gentle and in good,
I'm in ocean and in flood.
I'm in *dove-tail* and in wood.
I'm in sunlight and in fire,
I'm in heiress and in sire,
I'm in *lightly* and in loud,
I'm in lowly and in proud,
I'm in raven and in dove,
I'm in hatred and in love.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ACROSTIC.

The required names are all to be found in the Old Testament. Their initials, taken in order, name the sister of a great leader.

1. A name meaning *bitterness.*
2. One of the twelve tribes.
3. A son of Jacob.
4. One of the patriarchs.
5. A cave in which David concealed himself.
6. One of the twelve tribes.

PRIZE FOR SOLUTIONS.

For the best list of answers to these puzzles, received within two weeks after the date of this paper, a nice bound book will be given. Head your letters, "Answers to Puzzles No. 13," and give name and post office address in full. We will allow for distance and age in awarding the prize.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 12.

DIAMOND.—

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      E
    A N A
  A N G L E
E N G L I S H
  A L I V E
    E S E
      H
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EASY ENIGMA.—"An ounce of pluck is better than a ton of luck."

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Serve ye the Lord." (Joshua 21: 14.)

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.—1. L(ove)r. 2. P(on)y. 3. T(went)y. 4. M(anne)r. 5. T(win)e. 6. S(ton)e. 7. L(ear)n. 8. K(nigh)t. 9. M(ada)m. 10. B(row)n.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Answers have been received from Hannah E. Greene.

The Family Circle.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER II.

In a quiet, old-fashioned street near Portman square there is a door with a brass plate upon it, bearing the name "Dr. Carter." The door is not singular in possessing a brass plate, for almost every house in the street displays one, being inhabited nearly entirely by doctors and musical professors. I do not attempt to explain why it is so, whether that part of London is especially unhealthy, and so requires constant and varied medical advice, or whether there is something in the air conducive to harmony; or whether the musical professors attract the doctors, or the doctors the professors, I leave to more learned heads to discover, only hazarding the suggestion that, perhaps, the highly-strung musical nerves may be an interesting study to the faculty, or that music may have charms to soothe the savage medical breast, or drive away the evil spirits of the dissecting-room. Anyhow, the fact remains that North Crediton street is the resort of doctors and musical men, and that on one of the doors stands the plate of Dr. Carter.

It was an old-fashioned, substantially-built house, built about the beginning of the last century, when people knew how to build solidly, if not beautifully; it had good thick walls, to which you might whisper a secret without confiding it to your next-door neighbor, and firm, well-laid floors, on which you might dance, if you had a mind to, without fear of descending suddenly into the basement. There were heavy frames to the windows, and small squares of glass, and wooden staircases with thick, twisted banisters—a house, altogether, at which housemaids looked with contempt as something infinitely less "genteel" than the "splendid mansions" of lath and plaster, paint and gilding, which are run up with such magic speed now-a-days. We have no need to ring the bell and disturb the soft-voiced, deferential manservant out of livery from the enjoyment of his evening paper in the pantry, for we can pass uninvited and unannounced into Dr. Carter's consulting-room, and take a look at it and him. There is nothing remarkable about the room; a book-case full of medical and scientific books, a large writing-table with pigeon holes for papers, and a stethoscope on the top; a reading-lamp with a green shade, and an india-rubber tube to supply it with gas from the burner above; a side-table with more books and papers, and a small galvanic battery; a large india-rubber plant in the window; framed photographs of eminent physicians and surgeons over the mantel-piece; a fire burning low in the grate; a thick Turkey carpet; and heavy leather chairs; and there you have an inventory of the furniture to arrange before your mind's eye if you think it worth while.

There is something remarkable in the man, John Clement Carter, M.D., but I cannot give you an inventory of him, or make a broker's list of eyes and forehead, nose and mouth. He is not a regularly handsome man, not one that a sculptor would model or an artist paint, but his is a face that you never forget if you have once seen it; there is something about him that makes people move out of his path involuntarily, and strangers ask, "Who is that?" Power is stamped in his deep-set eyes and the firm lines of mouth and chin, power which gives beauty even to an ugly thing, throwing a grandeur and dignity round a black, smoky engine, or a huge, ponderous steam-hammer. Indeed, power is beauty, for there is no real beauty in weakness, physical or mental. His eyes have the beauty of many doctors' eyes, kind and patient, from experience of human weakness and trouble of all sorts; keen and penetrating, as having looked through the mists of pain and disease, searching for hope, ay, and finding it too sometimes where other men could only find despair; brave and steady, as having met death constantly face to face; clear and good, as having looked through the glorious glass of science, and seen, more plainly the more he looked, the working of the Everlasting Arms, for surely when science brings confusion and doubt, it proves that the eye of the beholder is dim or distorted, or that he is too ignorant to use the glass rightly. But there is a different look in his eyes to-night; pain, and trouble, and weakness are far from his thoughts, and he is not gazing through the glass of science, though he has a *Medical Review* open before him, and a paper-knife in his hand to cut the leaves; his eyes have wandered to a bunch of Russian violets in a specimen glass on the table, and he is looking through rose-colored spectacles at a successful past, a satisfactory present, and a beautiful future.

I need not tell my readers that this Dr. John Clement Carter was the Somersetshire boy whom good Dr. Savile had taken by the hand, and whose talents had made the ladder which carried him up to eminence. The kind old doctor liked to tell the story. "I was the making of the man," he would say, "and I'm as proud of him, sir! as if he were a son of my own."

It is quite as difficult to rise in the world gracefully as to come down, but everyone agreed that John Carter managed to do it, and just from this reason, that there was no pretence about him. He did not obtrude his low origin on everyone, forcing it on people's attention with that fidgety uneasiness which will have people know it if they are interested in the subject or not, which is only one remove from the unworthy pride that tries to hide it away altogether. Neither did he boast of it as something very much to his credit, but to anyone who cared to know he would say: "My family were poor working people in Somersetshire, and I don't even know if I had a grandfather, and I owe everything to Dr. Savile." And he would say it with a smile and a quiet manner, as if it were nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to be proud of, but just a fact which was hardly of interest; and his manner somehow made people feel that birth and breeding were after all mere insignificant circumstances of life, and of no account by the side of talent and success. "He's a good fellow, John Carter, and a clever fellow too, without any humbug about him," the men said, and the women thought much the same, though they expressed it differently. Indeed, the glimpse of his early humble country life, so simply given, without any pretence or concealment, grew to be considered an effective, picturesque background which showed up to advantage his present success and dignified position. It was quite true that there was no humbug or concealment about him, that was the very truth he told, and yet, somehow, as time went on, the words lost the full meaning they had to him at first. Don't you know if you use the same words frequently they get almost mechanical—even in your prayers, alas! they are no longer the expression of our feeling, but the words come first and the feeling follows, or does not follow? And then, don't you know sometimes how we hear with other people's ears, and see with other people's eyes? And so John Carter, when he said those simple, truthful words, grew to see the picturesque background, the thatched cottage, and the honeysuckle-covered porch, and the grand old patriarch with white hair, one of nature's noblemen, leaning on his staff and blessing his son; and he gradually forgot the pigsty close to the cottage door, and father in a dirty, green smock and hob-nailed boots, doing what he called "mucking it out," and stopping to wipe the heat from his brow with a snuffy, red cotton handkerchief.

But come back from the pigsty to the violets which are scenting the consulting-room and luring Dr. Carter, not unwillingly, from the *Medical Review* to thoughts of the giver. Her name is Violet too, and so are her eyes, though the long lashes throw such a shadow that you might fancy they were black themselves. It is not everyone—indeed, it is John Carter alone, who is privileged to look straight down into those eyes, and see the beauty of their color; only he, poor, foolish fellow, forgets to take advantage of his opportunity, and only notices the great love for him that shines there and turns his brain with happiness. His hand trembles as he stretches it to take the specimen glass, and the cool, fragrant flowers lightly touch his lip as he raises them to his face. "Pshaw!" I hear you say—reminding me of my own words, "there is no beauty in weakness, and this is weakness indeed!—a sensible man, past the hey-day and folly of youth, growing maudlin and sentimental over a bunch of violets!" No, reader, it is power—the strongest power on earth—the power of love.

He had been used to say that his profession was his lady-love, and he had looked on with wondering, incredulous eyes at the follies and excesses of young lovers; he was inclined to think it was a mild form of mania, and required physical treatment. And so he reached five-and-thirty unscathed, and slightly contemptuous of others less fortunate than himself; when, one day, a girl's blue eyes, looking shyly at him through dark lashes, brought him down once and for ever from his pedestal of fancied superiority, and before he could collect his arguments, or reason himself out of it, he was past cure, hopelessly, helplessly, foolishly in love. They had been engaged for two days; it was two days since this clever young doctor, this rising, successful man, with such stores of learning, such a solid intellect, such a cool, calm brain, had stood blushing and stammering before a girl of eighteen. If I were to write down the words he said, you would think my hero an idiot pure and simple; the most mawkish and feeble twaddle of the most debased of penny periodicals was vastly superior to what Dr. Carter stammered out that day. But is not this generally the case? Beautiful, poetical love-scenes are frequent in plays and books, but very rare in real life. There is not one love-scene in a thousand that would bear being taken down in short-hand, printed in plain, black type, and read by critical eyes through common-place spectacles. Nevertheless, the feelings are no doubt sublime, though the words may be ridiculous. He was quite another man altogether (happily for him) when he went to Sir John Meredith, and told him plainly that he was no match for his daughter as far as birth went.

"My good fellow," the sensible little baronet answered, "there are only about ten families in England that can put their pedigree by the side of the Mereditha, and it don't seem to me to make much difference, if you rise from the ranks yourself, or if your father, or grandfather did it."

"I can scarcely claim even to be a gentleman," the young man went on, feeling pretty sure of success by that time.

"Not another word, my dear boy; not another word! I respect your candor, and I esteem you very highly as an honest man—the noblest work of God, you know, eh?—though I'd like to hear anyone say that you were not a gentleman as well. There, go along! shake hands! God bless you! You'll find Violet in the drawing-room. Sly little puss! but I saw what was coming—and mind you dine with us this evening at seven sharp—old-fashioned folk, old-fashioned hours."

I think the wary baronet also respected Dr. Carter's income, and esteemed very highly his success, and having weighed the advantages of family and birth against success and income, had found that the latter were the more substantial in the worldly scales.

And so Dr. Carter was dreaming rosy dreams that evening in his quiet room, as was fit and proper after two days' wandering in fairyland with Violet Meredith. But as the scent of the violets had led him to think of the giver, so it drew his thoughts away from her again back to springtime many years ago at Sunnybrook, and the bank where the earliest violets grew in the sheltered lane leading to the Croft Farm. Did ever violets smell so sweet as those? He remembered one afternoon, after school, going to fetch the milk from the farm, and the scent luring him across the little rivulet by the side of the path, which was swollen into a small, brawling brook by the lately-thawed snow. He set down the can safely before he made the venture, and Dr. Carter laughed softly to himself to think how short and fat the legs were that found the little stream such a mighty stride. He was busy diving for the flowers among the layers of dead elm-leaves, which the blustering autumn winds had blown there, when a sound behind him caused him to look round, and there was the can upset, and the young foxhound quartered at the Croft licking up the white pool from the pebbles. In his anger, and fear, and haste, he slipped as he tried to jump back, and went full length into the stream, and scrambled out in a sad plight, and went home crying bitterly, with a very wet pinafore, and dirty face, and empty milk-can, with the cause of his mishap, the sweet violets, still clasped unconsciously in his little scratched hand. And his mother—ah! she was always a good mother! He could remember still the comforting feeling of mother's apron wiping away dirt and tears, and the sound of her voice bidding him "Never mind! and hush up like a good little Laddie." His heart felt very warm just then towards that mother of his, and he made up his mind that, cost what trouble it might, he would go down and see her before he was married, if it were only for an hour or two, just to make sure that she was comfortable, and not working about and wearing herself out. His conscience pricked him a little at the thought of what a pleasure the sight of him would have been to the old woman, and how year after year had slipped away without his going down. But still a comforting voice told him that he had been substantially a good son, and it was accident and not intention that had kept him away. "Anyhow," he said to himself, "another month shall not pass without my seeing my mother."

At this moment the deferential man knocked at the door and aroused Dr. Carter to the consciousness of how far his wandering thoughts had carried him from his consulting-room and *Medical Review*.

"What is it, Hyder?"

"Please, sir, there's some one wishes to see you. I told her as it was too late, and you was engaged very particular, but she wouldn't be put off nohow, sir."

"What is her name?"

There was a slight smile disturing the usually unruffled serenity of Mr. Hyder's face, as if he had a lingering remembrance of something amusing.

"She didn't give no name, sir, and she wouldn't say what she wanted, though I asked if a message wouldn't do; but she said her business was too particular for that, sir."

"What sort of person is she?"

The corners of the man's mouth twitched, and he had to give a little cough to conceal an incipient chuckle.

"Beg your pardon, sir. She appears to be from the country, sir. Quite a countrified, homely, old body, sir."

Perhaps the odor of the violets and the country memories they had called up made him more amiably inclined; but instead of the sharp, decided refusal the servant expected, "Tell her it is long past my time for seeing patients, and I am busy, and she must call again to-morrow," he said, "Well, show her in," and the man withdrew in surprise.

"Countrified, homely, old body." Somehow the description brought back to his mind his mother, coming down the brick path from the door at home, with her Sunday bonnet on, and her pattens in her hand, and the heavy-headed double stocks and columbines tapping against her short petticoats. The doctor said it to himself, and even while he smiled the door was pushed open, and before I'm sure, with a background of the gas-lit hall and the respectful Hyder, by this time developed into an uncontrollable grin, his mother, in her Sunday bonnet and with her pattens in her hand.

(To be Continued.)

AT ANCHOR.

A gentleman was walking on the Parade at Llandudno, and was watching a pretty little vessel with its white sails shining in the sunlight.

"How is it that this ship does not seem to be moving?" he said to a seaman standing by. "Her sails are spread, and there is plenty of breeze, but she seems to make no progress."

"She's anchored, sir; she's anchored!" replied the sailor.

"That's just how it is with many of us," said the gentleman, in answer. "There is everything to help us in our heavenward journey, but we can make no progress at all because we are anchored to something here on earth—some sin indulged in, or some worldliness we cannot give up." Yes, that's the secret; we are anchored.

RUSSIA'S FUTURE CZAR.

Strolling through the market square of Copenhagen one fine May morning in 1868 writes David Ker, I found a laughing group gathered around a grotesque drawing of a baby held up to an open window before a shouting crowd, with its face half buried in a bear-skin cap, and a military uniform flapping loosely around its tiny body—this sketch, being entitled "The New Colonel of the Russian Imperial Guard." The Danish princess whose marriage to the then Czarowitz I had witnessed in the previous autumn had given an heir to the Russian crown (the same whose coming of age has just been celebrated), and his appointment to a Colonelcy in the Guard within a few days of his birth amused the honest Danes not a little.

A satirist might have seen in that picture of the heavy grenadier cap weighing down the poor little head a bitter parable of the military nightmare that oppresses Russia; and in truth the imperial child might well seem consecrated to war from the very day of his birth, for on that day was fought, thousands of miles away, the great battle that added all Central Asia to the Russian Empire.

The name of Nicholas has always portended evil to the house of Romanoff. The first that bore it was he whose grasping ambition brought down upon Russia the blasting vengeance of the Crimean war. From him it descended to his third son, the nominal commander-in-chief of the Russian forces, whose first battle was the crushing defeat of Inkerman, and who has since been more celebrated for low debauchery than for high courage. The luckless name fared equally ill at the hands of his cousin Nikolai Konstantinovitch, the handsome, weak-looking lad whom I saw in the ranks of the Russian "flying column" before Khiva. Not less ill-omened was the heir-apparent's title of "Czarowitz" (literally "son of the king"), first borne by the ill-fated son of Ivan the Terrible, whom his own father murdered in a fit of groundless rage.

When I used to see the future Czar as a child in the palace garden of Tsarskoe-Selo (sixteen miles from St. Petersburg), it was hard to realize, despite the respectful salute with which all passers-by greeted him, that all the might and majesty of Russia would one day centre in this quiet little fellow, whose pale, delicate face, with its long silky hair and large wistful eyes, contrasted strikingly with the bull-dog jaw and heavy "prize-fighter" features of his grim father. He seemed already weighed down by the burden of the dreary grandeur that awaited him, for he played with little spirit, and always wore a strangely grave, preoccupied look.

But in truth the events that were the mile-stones of his life journey might well make any one grave. His third year saw the explosion of a conspiracy that shook all Russia. His seventh witnessed two determined attempts upon the life of his grandfather, the reigning Czar. Several of the courtiers that feted his ninth birthday were just starting for the seat of war which cost ninety thousand Russian lives. He was still a boy when his grandfather fell murdered in open day before his own palace. The same traitorous hands have since been repeatedly uplifted against the life of his father, and have smitten down more than one of his own personal friends and attendants; and less than six months ago the mysterious railway "accident' (if such it were) near Borki came within a hair's-breadth of destroying the whole imperial household at one blow.

WOMAN'S WORK IN CHINA.

At Northfield last summer, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor told many interesting stories about the work of the China Inland Missionaries, among others the following. We hope that among the readers of the *Messenger* many future missionaries to China may be found.

I wish I could tell you about women's work in China. Let me give you a little incident. There is a city in Shan-si where a work had been carried on for some time, resulting in the conversion of a number of men. But the women were all bigoted idolaters. They wouldn't let their husbands or sons read the Bible or pray at home. If they began there was such a voice of ridicule that they couldn't read or pray, and at last a Christian man bought a little house and gave it to the men that they might retire to it. At one of our stations in that province there was a missionary lady working hard at the language, and working hard at evangelistic work too. When I was there I was surprised to see how quickly she had been able to acquire the language—the character as well as the colloquial. The superintendent said to her: "I think if you were to go to that border city and spend a week there, you would enjoy yourself and it would do you good. You would come back refreshed and benefited by the visit." It is a beautiful mountainous country, very much like Inverness. I do find places in Scotland and in America that are almost as pretty as some of our Chinese scenery. Well, this dear young sister went and spent a week in this place, to get that much needed rest and change. The change she got; but the rest—not very much of it. As soon as she arrived it was noised abroad that an English lady had come; and the women that wouldn't go and hear the Gospel somehow took it into their heads that it would be disrespectful not to pay their respects to this foreign visitor. And they kept at it from five in the morning till ten o'clock at night. One night she said: "Now, I must bid you good-night. I am so weary I can't talk to you any longer. If you will come in the morning I will be very glad to see you." And without giving them an opportunity to say yes or no, she took the candle and went straight to her room. They followed her, saying: "Let us go in and say 'good-night' once more." But they forgot to go out again. At last, finding she could not induce them to go she was obliged to blow the candle out. Well; day by day this went on, and the women became very fond of her. The native Christians took her into their homes, and though the women wouldn't hear their husbands and brothers talk about Jesus Christ they heard that lady. She said: "The Lord Jesus loved Mary and Martha, as well as Lazarus"—and China-women don't know very much about love. As she told them of the wonderful love of the Lord Jesus, their hearts were opened, and they were drawn to her; and before the week was over they were so sorry that she was going that they wanted her to come back again. "Why," they said; "this foreign lady is quite nice." Of course she had neither the almond eyes nor high cheek-bones of the Mongolians; yet they thought she was very nice. When they invited her to dinner; and she ate as they did, they said: "Why these foreigners are quite civilized!" That was a great discovery. When she left them at the end of the week, she left a totally changed feeling behind her. I went to that place myself about two months later, and found they wanted a lady missionary to live there altogether. "Why, dear friends," I said; "do you think it would be right for you to have a lady missionary when there are over a thousand counties in China without any missionary at all? And then, moreover, if we were to send a lady, she would be very lonely here, and would be homesick." "Oh, no," they said; "she will have plenty of visitors, and will be always welcome in our houses." They couldn't understand that an English lady might feel lonely even among a multitude of Chinamen. "Then," I said, "there is another reason. Miss Gibson spent a week here in summer in picnic style, with people peering in the windows. There are no suitable accommodations here. We think a good deal of our English ladies, and want to make them as comfortable as we can." "Oh," they said; "is that all? Let her come back again." They took a subscription, and got enough money to fit up rooms for two lady missionaries, if we would only get them and send them. At last I said: "We will pray about it. Perhaps there is some lady who will spend half her time with you and half her time in that other city"—mentioning another place. When I got back one lady said: "If no one else will go, I'll go." And a very good work has been going on ever since. Many of those Chinawomen have been converted, and there is no longer discord in their homes. Oh, dear sisters, there is a work to be done in China for women. We need so many workers, and won't America send them?

THE GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS, CZAROWITZ OF RUSSIA.

THE DARK CLOUD of trouble may hover over us, but the cross of Christ is the lightning rod that can take the bolt out of it.—*Talmage.*

FOR THE MASTER.

A young girl told me the other day that it was her heart's greatest desire to do something for the Lord, but she had no money, and so couldn't. We talked about it for a little while, and when we parted, perhaps the ideas of both were somewhat changed.

It has occurred to me that there may be many others who desire to work for him, but are kept from it by this mistaken idea, that he only asks of us, money. In the first place, we are never so situated that we cannot work for him. Let our circumstances be what they will we still have one talent intrusted to us. We must remember the talent is not given us to fold in a napkin, but to put out at interest.

I once knew a girl whose circumstances were exceedingly limited. She was in a store from early morning till late at night. She had neither money nor time to give any one. Surely these things, of which maybe most of you have the latter in plenty, she couldn't give to any one. But she must do something for him who had died for her. She would have some especial work; and in her walk of life, which was all among the hard-working, the downcast and suffering, she soon found it. They needed cheering: their burdens, often so heavy, would be less burdensome if borne with a light heart. She determined then that her work for the Lord would be to cheer. She became like a ray of sunshine wherever she went. She invited, by her sympathetic, gentle manner, confidences; so many a tale of woe was poured into her ear. Her companions were sure when they met her, her greeting would be a bright smile, a pleasant word, and maybe a funny anecdote. They never left her without a bit of the load of every care lifted, and with a fresher, brighter view of life. If she had sorrow (and who has not?) she told it to "Jesus, when curtained by night," and he gave her strength and courage in return to help her weaker sisters by gladness reflected right from him. Was not hers a lovely mission? And don't you think she did more good to many than if she had given money? There are very many, you know, whose sorrows cannot be lightened by money, while a comforting, sympathizing, bright word, cheerily spoken, changes the whole aspect of living.

Another young girl has come within my knowledge, who with limited means determined to help the old, sick and poor, and her plan of affording them many hours pleasure was a simple one. She asked all the old religious and family papers from her friends, and out of these cut everything, long or short, which would interest an invalid, and pasted these scraps into any sort of a scrap-book or common book (one, perhaps, that had been written in), cutting out of the latter every other page. These, when completed, she took to the various hospitals, or to some poor, sick friend. She is still doing this, and has been the humble "compiler" of, I think, some forty volumes. These are passed from one to the other among the wards, or from house to house, and the pleasure and amusement they have afforded has been endless.

These are only two instances of what girls, who really desired to work for the Master, have done; and there are more ways, just as simple, whereby you can lighten the burden of the sick and weary everywhere about you.—*Irene Middener Hartt in Christian at Work.*

THE IRISHMAN AND THE PRIEST.

"Mike," said the priest, "the Bible is for the priest, and not for the likes o' you."

"Ah! but, sir," he answered, "I was reading in my Bible, 'You shall read it to your children,' and sure the priests have got no children."

"But, Michael," says the priest, "you cannot understand the Bible. It is not for you to understand the Bible. It is not for you to understand it, my man."

"Ah! very well, your riverence; if I cannot understand it, it will do me no harm, and what I can understand does me a heap o' good."

"Very well, Mike," said the priest, "you must go to the Church, and the Church will teach you. The Church will give you the milk of the Word."

"And where does the Church get it but out of the Bible? Ah! your riverence, I would rather keep the cow myself."

LITTLE EXPERIMENTS—WEIGHT.

BY SOPHIE B. HERRICK.

Gravity is always pulling upon everything on the earth. We have seen what it does to a body that is not supported. Such a body moves downward faster and faster; it falls, and falls according to a regular law.

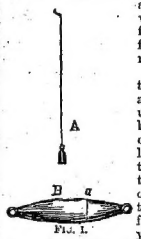


FIG. 1.

Take a book between your finger and thumb, lift it up, and a few inches below it hold your other hand out flat; let go your hold on the book; it falls till it rests on your other hand, and there it stops. You feel something on your hand; this is the weight of the book, which is only another name for the pull of gravity upon something that is supported so that it cannot fall.

Now, instead of grasping the book, let it rest on your whole hand, and move it about. As long as one end or the other is all that is supported, the book tips and falls; but put your hand under the middle, it rests firm and secure. Balance it on four fingers, then on three, then on two, and finally on one. The smaller the support is under the book, the less steady it becomes, till with one finger you have to shift it back and forth before you can find just where to balance it. You have found what is called the centre of gravity of the book. Every solid body has one point which has to be supported, and then the rest of the weight will balance around it. The pull of gravity, when you support only this one point, comes all through that point. The book is as heavy on your one finger as it was on your whole hand; it is no heavier, no matter how it may feel. Your finger is not so strong as your whole hand, so the book may feel heavier, but it would weigh the same in a balance whichever way it was supported.

Take some shot and drop them in a large flat box—this is only to keep them from rolling away; a table-top or the floor is just as good. Each shot comes to rest for itself; each one has its own centre of gravity supported. Now pour them into a pill box. You can hold that up on the sharpened end of a lead-pencil. Each shot is not supported, the pencil is under only the middle ones; the box keeps them from rolling away, and the box of shot acts as if it were a solid body. You have found the centre of gravity of all the shot, not of each one separately.

You may never have heard of the centre of gravity, but you know a great deal about it, for all that. Every time you balance a pencil on your finger you are making an experiment in finding it. Every time you walk or skate you prove that you have learned by experiments made long ago that you have a centre of gravity, and know how to keep it supported.

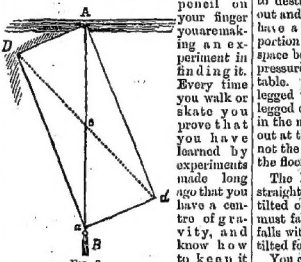


FIG. 2.

When you carry a heavy weight and lean over to the other side you are balancing yourself and the weight you carry around the centre of gravity of both.

Take an ordinary lead sinker with wire loops at the two ends; mine cost three cents and weighed two ounces (Fig. 1, B); cut it in two along the line D; tie a strong thread into the larger end, making it when it is done eleven and a half inches, string, lead, and all. You have A, which will answer as a plumb-line now and as a pendulum later on. A plumb-line always points straight to the centre of the earth. I want you to use this to find in some common object the exact point which is the centre of gravity. In the book there were many points above your finger; only one of those was exactly the centre of gravity. Take a common blotter or even a postal card, cut holes in any two corners not diagonally opposite, hang the card by corner D so that it can swing freely, and over it your plumb-line. The line will cut across the card from D to *d*. On this dotted line lies the point which is the centre of gravity. Hang the card by corner A and the line over it; on this line too is the centre of gravity. There is only one point in the card on both these lines, and that is *c*, where they cross; *c*, then, is the centre of gravity. In a regularly shaped thing *c* is the middle point.

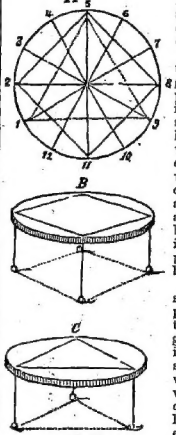


FIG. 3.

When only the centre of gravity is supported a body is not very steady; the least touch or weight on either side will tilt it over, because any weight added to a body acts as if it were a part of the body itself.

In balance scales just the point where the centre of gravity comes is supported, so that they will tilt one way or the other with the least difference of weight in the scale pans. It is necessary that at least the centre of gravity shall be supported to make anything stand. The larger the support the steadier the thing will be, because any weight or push that comes in on one part of it is not likely to throw the centre of gravity outside of the base.

Take a piece of board—the bottom of a fig box or salt box—and divide it up with a pencil as in the figure (Fig. 3, A) by six lines crossing at the middle. Number these like the face of a clock. Make a four-legged table of it by sticking pins into 2, 5, 8, and 11. The base of this table (B) is the square drawn in the figure; the other parts are unsupported. A pressure outside the white square would tilt the table; inside the square a pressure will not tilt. Remember this is a frail little table, and you must not press hard enough to destroy the support. Take your pins out and put three of them in 1, 5, 9; you have a three-legged table (C). The only portion supported is a three-cornered space between the dotted lines on A. Any pressure outside these lines will tilt the table. You see from this why a three-legged table is less steady than a four-legged one. When there is only one leg in the middle of the table, which spreads out at the bottom, the size of the base is not the point supported, but the base on the floor.

The leaning tower of Pisa was built straight, but the foundations sank, and it tilted over so that it looks as though it must fall; but the centre of gravity still falls within the base, and so it has stood tilted for hundreds of years.

You can easily see how much more difficult it is to balance a thing when the centre of gravity is high than when it is low. When a boy walks on stilts he is more apt to fall than when he walks on his own feet. His base is smaller; but besides that the weight is higher up, and the least tilt makes his centre of gravity fall outside his base, and over he goes.

Take a large cork, draw a circle just the size of the end of your plumb-bob in the middle of each end, shave the cork up toward the smaller end, and round it toward the larger to the edges of the two circles. You find it will stand about as well on the smaller end as it will on the larger (Fig. 4, C): the white parts are those shaved off; the shaded pear-shaped middle is the cork as it remains. Cut deep down into the cork in the direction of the dotted line, and take out the piece; into this hole push the small end of your sinker that was left after cutting off the plumb-bob. Now by standing the cork on the smaller end, if you have shaped it properly, it will turn a somerset and land on the bottom each time. I took such a cork, cut it a little differently so as to go in at the waist, sewed a round light dress button by the shank into the top of the cork, ran up a little dress of lace, marked eyes, nose, mouth, and hair on the button, and had, with ten minutes' additional work, an irrepressible baby (B) that refused to be tilted over to A, or to lie down, or to stand on its head, but whichever way it was placed was sure to "bob up serenely," and came always "right side up," with care or without it.

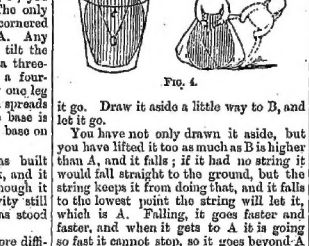


FIG. 4.

If you can manage to get your centre of gravity even lower than the point where you support a thing, its hold is very secure. Try holding a thimble on the end of a knitting-needle; this is very easy when the weight is below the point where the needle holds it. Turn your thimble upside down, and you will be almost as good as the Indian jugglers at balancing if you can hold it that way. Take a cork; cut a slit across the larger end through the middle point of the top; fasten to each end of a piece of fine wire half a yard long a dress weight, or anything small and heavy, and alike for both ends. Slip the middle of the wire through the slit (Fig. 5), and you will find you can hold the cork on the sharpened point of a pencil. The weights are lower than the point of support.

I want you now to give me all your attention, for I am going to try to explain something which grown people do not always understand. Take your plumb-line, just eleven and a half inches long, and hang the loop on the upper end to a gas or lamp bracket or a nail on some table edge, so that it can swing free. Now pull aside the leaden weight three or four inches and let it swing; watch it, and you will say that it goes more and more slowly. So it does, because it does not swing so far as it did at first; but it swings just so many times each minute from first to last. Put a watch or clock before you and count, and you will find your pendulum gives nearly if not quite sixty swings a minute; it is very nearly a seconds pendulum; by carefully making the string a little bit shorter or longer you can after a while get it exact. The longer your pendulum is the fewer beats it will give a minute. Look at Fig. 6. This shows the pendulum in its three positions; when it hangs quiet it is at A, when it swings it goes from B through A to C, and then back again. Let it hang at A it remains quiet, for gravity is pulling it to the lowest point that the string will let it go. Draw it aside a little way to B, and let it go.

You have not only drawn it aside, but you have lifted it too as much as B is higher than A, and it falls; if it had no string it would fall straight to the ground, but the string keeps it from doing that, and it falls to the lowest point the string will let it, which is A. Falling, it goes faster and faster, and when it gets to A it is going so fast it cannot stop, so it goes beyond A up toward C; but now it is pulling against gravity; it is going up, so it goes slower and slower. At C the pull of gravity is too much for it, and turns it back; then again gravity helps, for it is falling again; going down from C to A, it goes beyond A back to B, or nearly there; and so it swings back and forth. The push against the air as the pendulum swings, the rub of the string on the nail it hangs from—all these things hinder a little bit on every trip, and at last it stops. If it had no hinderance like this, men of science tell us, the pendulum would swing forever. A pendulum for a clock is made round and flat, with sharp edges; this is done for the same reason that the bow of a boat is made sharp, so that the water may be cut easily and flow off at the sides and not hinder the boat. The pendulum has to cut the air and let it flow off on each side, and this shape is to make the hinderance of the air as little as possible.

Just think what a world without gravity would be. The water would not stay in the oceans nor run down the river channels. Things would fly off anywhere, up into the clouds, if you made a mistake and gave them a little push in that direction. In fact there would be no world for people to live in, and no people to live in a world. All our weariness in lifting heavy weights, in walking and climbing, is only the shadow side of a *wonderful gift* that makes it possible to live in this beautiful world of ours.—*Harper's Young People.*

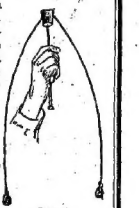


FIG. 5.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, the original Mary whose little lamb followed her to school one day, is still living at Somerville, Massachusetts, a vigorous old lady of eighty-two years. To a reporter of the Boston *Globe* she recently gave the true version of the world-famous verses. The lamb was raised by her from the day of its birth, its mother having deserted it. It followed Mary everywhere she went, and died in her arms, having been gored by a cow while following Mary about the barn. The three original verses were written by one John Roulstone, a young man of the neighborhood, then fitting for college, but two more verses were added afterward by a Mrs. Townsend. From the fleece of her lamb Mary knit two pairs of stockings. These were ravelled out, and sold in small bits tied to a card with Mary's autograph written on it, and sold for the fund collected to save the Old South Church, Boston. Two hundred dollars were raised in this way.—*Exchange.*

A RACER OF THE SEAS.

Has the reader ever stood in the engine room of an ocean steamer when she was plunging through an Atlantic gale at the rate of seventeen or more knots an hour? Even if he had done so, and been awed by the experience, it is not likely that he has been able to fully realize the immensity of the power exerted. He needs some standard of comparison, and for that purpose we may offer him the ancient galley, and repeat a passage from the address made by Sir Frederick Bramwell at the meeting of the British Association last September. "Compare, a galley, a vessel propelled by oars, with the modern Atlantic liner." . . Take her length at some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men, and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horse-power. Double the number of men, and we should have 800 horse-power, with 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve, if the journey is to be carried on continuously. Contrast the puny result thus obtained with the 19,500 horse-power given forth by a large prime-mover of the present day, such a power requiring on the above mode of calculation 117,000 men at work and 117,000 men in reserve; and these to be carried in a vessel less than 600 feet in length. Even if it was possible to carry this number of men in such a vessel, by no conceivable means could their power be utilized so as to impart to it a speed of twenty knots an hour.—*Scribner.*

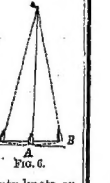


FIG. 6.

AN AFRICAN TRAVELLER tells us that at least ten thousand slaves cross Lake Nyassa every year. "I once looked down into the hold of a slave ship," he says, "and saw eighty or ninety little children there. The Mohammedan trader said, 'Many of them will die, no doubt; but they are not like us—they have no souls!'"

BETSY BIXBY.

By Jak in Harper's Young People.

I.

Betsy's mother was an invalid. Now it is not only very hard for an invalid to be an invalid, but it is generally more or less hard for others in the house. In this case it was more or less hard for Betsy and Betsy's father and Betsy's little sister, for the Bixbys were wofully poor.

Mrs. Bixby felt very keenly the difference her illness made in the family, and the sorrow for that was added to all her pain and weariness, so that she was not a very cheerful companion, and this increased Betsy's trials.

They lived in a dreary little house on a dreary little street. It would have made one's heart ache to see it, and know how great a heart there was bravely hiding its own sorrows, and taking so much bitterness patiently.

In the first place, Betsy had all the housework to do, from making fires to baking and sweeping, and not only sewed on the rickety second-hand sewing-machine, but often with a needle and thread.

It is not in human nature for a young person, or any person perhaps, to do so much and enjoy so little without feeling dissatisfied and miserable at times, and Betsy experienced such times. One of them always occurred when some boy or girl passing by called out in a high key, "Betsy! Betsy Bixby!"

This salutation was often made when Betsy was washing dishes by the kitchen window, or when the bread was being kneaded, and some youngster looked in.

As this is getting rather perplexing, it might as well be stated that Betsy was a boy. His real name was Jonathan, and that was what his father and mother always called him.

One day when Mr. Bixby came home he found Betsy in the little cluttered-up back entry, sitting upon a barrel behind the door, crying.

Betsy often cried, but it was seldom that any one saw him; he usually did his crying nights after he had gone to bed. Mr. Bixby felt more miserable than ever himself when he saw that brave, patient boy in tears. He was a man of very few words, and he only said, "What ails you, Jonathan?"

At this question, spoken in a very sad tone, Betsy only blubbered the more. "Every one but me is a-going to work," he sobbed.

One would have thought, to see the boy busy with baking, sweeping, washing, and ironing, that he had work enough there without going anywhere for more.

"Well, I don't know what we can do. You know your mother couldn't get along without you even if Ellen and I could."

Jonathan slipped off the barrel, and going into the kitchen, began chopping something in a tray with great energy.

"I'll have the hash ready pretty soon, pa," he said, in what seemed a cheerful tone.

II.

Now the cause of Betsy's trouble was this: In the great factory at the end of the village there were two vacant places, and Mr. Bigelow, the owner, had just sent word to a number of Betsy's friends for them to call on him that afternoon. When they were fairly seated in the office attached to the great building, Mr. Bigelow addressed them as follows:

"You see, young gentlemen, that although I have two vacancies, there are six applicants. This is nothing unusual; we have often had twice as many applications for one vacancy, and that has set us to choosing carefully. We began to do this in the higher departments when we found there were so many applicants that we could take our choice. The consequence was we picked out perfectly steady, temperate men, and there is not a man in our employ who uses strong liquor or fails to pay his debts. You know that for some time past we have taken only such boys as had a good reputation at school?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the boys, each of whom had a good name at school for behavior and scholarship, without which he would not have ventured to apply

"But it is argued by some that it is not always the best scholars who make the best business men, and I think that is so. In a mechanical business like ours good judgment and careful handiwork are the great requisites. But we wish to combine with these qualifications good manners and good morals. Consequently, I have decided to allow no boy to enter the factory hereafter who uses profane language or indulges in tobacco in any form."

At this point two of the boys looked very conscious, and their countenances fell, for one of them smoked, and the second was guilty of the other fault mentioned.

"In regard to the first matter, I have decided to institute a test. Each young man who applies for a place will bring some article of his own handiwork. He must furnish the names of three witnesses that the article shown is wholly his own make. Two weeks will be given for preparation. Consequently, two weeks from to-day, at 6 o'clock p.m., such of you as wish to join in this test will come here with the articles you have made, and leave them, with your names attached, together with those of your witnesses and vouchers. After that the two appointments will be given to the two young gentlemen who have succeeded best in their undertakings."

The six boys went out from Mr. Bigelow's presence considerably impressed with the difficulties in the way of gaining a place in his establishment. But it was considered so fortunate a circumstance to become an employee in this factory, on account of its reputation for fair wages and good treatment of the workmen generally, that the four boys who neither used tobacco nor profane language concluded to try.

"I can make a good mechanical drawing, I think," said one, who was taking lessons at the drawing-school.

"And I can make brackets," said the third.

The fourth would-be competitor was a smaller boy than either of the others, who were well-grown boys of fifteen. He was only thirteen, and small of his age.

"I can't think of anything I can make, except kites," he said, with a dejected air.

The other boys laughed.

"Any fellow can make a kite," said one.

"Yes, indeed! You had better give up, Bones," said another. Bones was his nickname, on account of his being so slender. His real name was John Mac.

Just then they were passing the Bixby house.

"Let's go in and tell Betsy," said Phil Peters, the boy who could make boxes.

"Let's," seconded the best-dressed boy, who attended drawing school.

Accordingly they all went in to tell Betsy, who was so good-natured that he was a favorite, in spite of the boys' contempt for the kind of work he had to do.

The boys were so engaged with their story that no one but Bones noticed how soberly Betsy looked at the time, and how once in a while he dashed his ragged coat sleeve across his eyes.

"Jonathan," he whispered, after the others had gone, "would you like to get into Bigelow's!"

"I can't," replied Betsy, trying to keep a stiff upper lip, although he was in danger of letting some tears fall into the pan where he was mixing water and yeast together for bread-making.

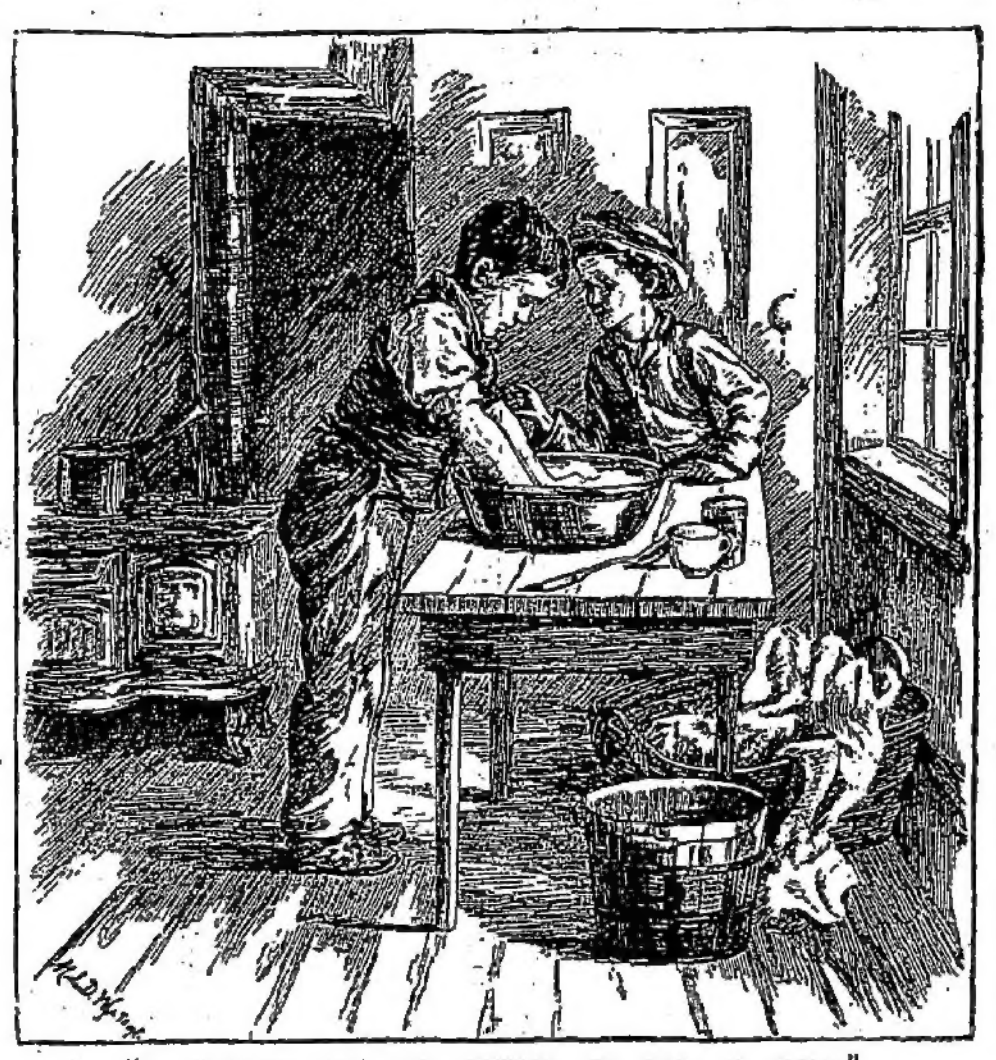
Just then Nelly, who was something of an irrepressible, came racing into the house. There was no time to lose. A brilliant idea had entered the mind of Bones. He sprang forward and whispered something in Betsy's ear.

"Poh! that wouldn't do," said Betsy, with almost an air of irritation, and Bones went home with the brilliant idea still working in his brain.

As soon as he found a good opportunity Bones had a little talk with his mother. To his delight, she did not throw cold water upon his glowing idea, as Betsy himself had done, but declared that it was a very brilliant idea indeed, and she hoped Betsy would take his advice.

The next day Bones went over and held a consultation with Betsy.

After that, Betsy was mysteriously busy,



"A BRILLIANT IDEA HAD ENTERED THE MIND OF BONES."

and spent fifty cents of his very limited savings on the best of material with which to make his final experiments. The results of these secret experiments were regularly intrusted to Bones, who carried them home to his mother, and brought back encouraging reports.

When the end of the two weeks arrived, each of the four boys carried his production to Mr. Bigelow's office. Bones brought two articles—one was his own and the other was Betsy's.

That evening they received notice to call at the office the next day at 7 p.m. as Mr. Bigelow had decided to give the appointments in the presence of them all.

III.

At the appointed time they were seated in a row in front of Mr. Bigelow's desk, upon which were the five mysterious articles, covered with a large sheet of brown paper.

"Well, young men," said Mr. Bigelow, smiling, "we will now decide this great question. Your productions having been pronounced upon by an impartial board of examiners, I am prepared to announce the result."

He removed the brown paper, and disclosed the five articles. There were the kite, the box, the drawing, the bracket, and the result of Betsy's patient experiments.

At sight of the latter all the boys except two smiled and looked at Betsy. Those who did not smile were the latter and Bones. Betsy blushed.

"This box," said Mr. Bigelow, taking up the box and opening it, "has a serious flaw in it. You will observe that although the box itself is quite neatly made, the lock is put in carelessly, the edges about it are uneven, and it is not set in perfectly true."

"As for the drawing, it is very neat and handsome, and I should have pronounced it perfect had I not sent it down to the young gentleman's teacher at the drawing-school, who said that there was a serious error in it which would have to be corrected before a workman could make use of it.

"This bracket is very pretty in the distance, but it needs finishing; the edges should have been smoothed, the parts joined more firmly, and the surface oiled or varnished.

"The kite, as you see, shows considerable study and ingenuity. You will notice that it is in the shape of a hawk and that the wings are so arranged that if the kite were flying the wings would be liable to flap in quite an amusing and natural manner. The only defect about it, Johnny, is a very serious one indeed. In elaborating the kite so much, you have forgotten to preserve the necessary lightness; in consequence of which it will not fly."

Bones's face fell almost an inch, not so much at losing the place as at having made so serious a blunder; he had not taken the precaution to try the kite.

"However, the excellences of the kite are so great, especially in the line of ingenuity, that the judges have on the whole voted it a success."

Bones's face shortened, but Betsy fairly trembled as Mr. Bigelow took up the remaining article.

"You observe that a large portion of the loaf of bread furnished by Master Bixby is missing. You have heard it said that the proof of the pudding is in the eating; it is just the same of bread. I took part of the loaf home, and we had it on the table for supper. No one but myself knew where it came from, and it excited considerable interest and inquiry; first because all agreed it was a very superior article, and secondly, because I would not tell who made it. My wife, who is an excellent cook, and prides herself on her bread, said it was better than she could make, and no one seemed inclined to dispute her, so I thought that verdict was sufficient. It was also remarked that it was very handsome bread, baked to exactly the right degree and the right color.

"Now it seems to me," he continued, "that a person who does in the best manner possible the work which comes in his way, no matter how homely it is, will do whatever work is placed before him in the same faithful manner. Acting upon this belief, I have concluded that the best of the two places now vacant in the factory shall be given to Master Bixby, and the other to Master Mac. As for the other boys, they must try again. If they are really very anxious to enter our factory, they know how to work for that object, and I hope to see them in our employ eventually."

When Betsy's father and mother learned that he had an opportunity to work in the Bigelow factory for five dollars a week at the start, and the prospect of an increase of wages before long, they saw the advantage, which Mrs. Mac came over to urge, of their hiring a woman to do the work at Betsy's expense, and letting him accept the situation.

After that none of the boys called Jonathan Betsy any more. He proved so apt and capable a workman, and so fine a young man in appearance, as soon as he was able to buy a suit of new clothes in place of his worn and out-grown clothes, that the whole fortune and appearance of the Bixby family began to undergo a change. His mother even commenced to gain in health through the more comfortable aspect of affairs. Mr. Bixby lost his air of patient sadness. Nelly became so proud of her brother that she began to grow more thoughtful herself, and quite lady-like in her manners. In fact, life brightened in every way for the Bixbys.

ABIDE IN ME.

"Abide in me, I pray, and I in thee:
From this great hour, oh! leave me nevermore:
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

"Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire;
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

"Abide in me. There have been moments blest
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power:
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

"These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be:
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer;
Come and abide in me, and I in thee."

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

"WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?"

OR, THE CHURCH CARPET.

"Ethel Gray, I never was so angry in all my life. The idea of old Mrs. Jackson acting like this. A pretty Christian she is," and Ruth Hudson emphasized her remarks with an almost tragic gesture, which set her bangles jangling like so many weapons of war.

Ruth was what her brother called "a jingling girl." When she walked, countless jet ornaments danced upon her gown, and all her movements were accompanied by the flutter of ribbons, and the bobbing of aggressive bows. Just now her eyes snapped, and her short, straight bang bristled with indignation.

Ethel Gray looked at Ruth quietly. She never became excited over anything, and perhaps for that reason Ruth made her the confidante of all her rages and ecstasies.

"Why, Ruth," she inquired, gently, "what has old Mrs. Jackson done?"

"Done? she has done enough to disgust me with religion, and trying to help people. I don't care, it's no use trying. I am going to be as selfish as I can. It is just as May Raymond says, you always get into trouble if you join any religious society."

"May Raymond does not speak to half the girls in school, and you know, Ruth, you don't like her yourself."

"That may all be, yet she was right when she advised me not to join the Christian Endeavor, and I wish I had never heard of the old" ——

"Girls, what is the matter?" cried the sweet, cheery voice of Miss Grayson, the teacher of rhetoric. "It is not to-morrow's lessons that you are discussing so eagerly, I know."

Ruth was too excited to stop. "I know you will think I am wicked, Miss Grayson, and I suppose I am, but I can't help it. I am tired of being good and benevolent and charitable, and all the rest of the ought-to-bes."

Both Miss Grayson and Ethel laughed heartily, and a faint smile began to twitch the corners of Ruth's mouth, and soon developed into the irresistible little chuckle peculiar to herself.

"There, now I feel better, and will tell you all about it," she said, brightly. "To begin at the beginning, I joined the Christian Endeavor Society in our church last fall. I tried hard to keep all the rules, and for quite a time I felt that I was really getting good. I enjoyed the meetings, and was encouraged about myself. We girls thought it would be nice to save our money, and fix up the Bible class-room. You know, Miss Grayson, what a shabby-looking place it is, and the carpet is not decent. Well, we met, and voted to use our funds for that purpose. Grace Brown and myself were appointed to select a carpet, and Tuesday we walked all over town to find the prettiest one we could. We both gave up going to Jessie Lee's party Monday night so we could spare the time from school work. At Dobson's, we found just what we wanted, a dark blue ground, with gold-colored figures. It is perfectly lovely, and cheap, too, because when we told Mr. Dobson what it was for, he let us have it at a reduction. Mamma was going to send our Kate to clean the floor when old Mrs. Jackson found out what we were doing, and made such a fuss. She went to Mrs. Holden, and told her that my mother ought to be ashamed of herself encouraging the girls in such extravagance; that she thought the old carpet was good enough, and if we were really anxious to help the church, we had better apply our funds to paying off the interest on the debt. Then she said that she did not believe in young people having meetings of their own, and they were fast crowding the older ones out, and, just think of it, Miss Grayson, that the Christian Endeavor was skim-milk religion."

"Who told you, Ruth, that old Mrs. Jackson said this?"

"Mrs. Holden; she was very indignant, and told mamma that very day; but old Mr. Jackson is a trustee, and made a time at the Board meeting, so some of the gentlemen wanted to know if we would be willing to wait a while before fitting up the room."

"What reply did you make?"

Ruth's face flushed as she said, emphatically, "We told them that we would give up the whole thing, Christian Endeavor and all, and that old Mrs. Jackson might run the church into the ground or anywhere else she pleased. My mother says she thinks it is shameful, and I am tired of Christians, and I wish that old woman would trip on the carpet and break her neck, and" ——

"Wait a moment, dear," said Miss Grayson's gentle voice. "I want to ask you one question. Granted that Mrs. Jackson made all these unkind speeches, do you think she did so because she is a Christian?"

"No," replied Ruth, in a somewhat puzzled tone.

"Did she not manifest an absence of the Spirit of Christ?"

"Yes," replied Ethel and Ruth most heartily, "she did."

Miss Grayson smiled, the emphasis was so great. Her next remark seemed very irrelevant to the girls.

"I have a message for you, Ruth and Ethel, and you cannot tell how the future usefulness of your lives depends upon the manner in which you receive it."

"Who is it from, Miss Grayson?"

Miss Grayson took from her pocket the little shabby Testament, with which all her pupils were so familiar, and read from it this question, "'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.' This is the message, girls, from the Master, whom you are trying to serve. What is it to you what old Mrs. Jackson says or does? The important thing is, are you following Christ? Are you doing his work in his way, and in his spirit?"

Ethel said, almost reproachfully, "Miss Grayson, do you mean that we are to give up to that horrid old woman?"

"Do you think Christ would have done so, Ethel?"

"Oh, dear, yes! he would," replied Ruth, with a groan.

"It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master," quoted Miss Grayson, softly. Then, turning with one of her impulsive movements, she continued, "Girls, some people might tell you that this was a very unimportant matter, all this fuss and talk about a carpet, but I do not feel so. To me it means just this, Are Ethel Gray and Ruth Hudson going to make two Christlike, Christian women? Are they going to do charitable work in the spirit of charity, or are they going to be satisfied to follow the example of old Mrs. Jackson, and work for Christ only when they can do it on their own terms?"

Ruth said, hastily, "I don't want to be like Mrs. Jackson, she is so sharp, and quick-tempered, and" —— Then she stopped, and looked conscious.

Miss Grayson went on without noticing the interruption, "As you grow older you will find much to discourage you in church and charitable work. You will be asked to serve on committees with unreasonable, disagreeable women. You will discover that those high in authority and influence have many serious faults. Criticism will dampen your zeal and make you feel, as you do this afternoon, that it is no use trying to be good. This is the time when the devil reaps many a harvest. When a young Christian feels that older Christians are unjust and cruel, when he or she can see that church work is often done for individual purposes instead of for the glory of God, the temptation is to stop working for Christ, and to excuse ourselves by quoting the faults and mistakes of others. I remember a rough old man who once said, 'Folks that live on the sins of Christians have mighty poor fodder.' It is a starvation diet, spiritually, girls. You will save yourselves great disappointment and sorrow if you commence your Christian work in the right spirit, doing it as unto the Lord, not expecting the praise of your fellow-workmen, but seeking the approval of the Master. You will always find a Mrs. Jackson in every church, in every society, but, when you meet her, don't waste any precious time in opposing or resisting her authority, and, above all, do not let any disciple separate you from the Master."

Ruth's bright face was very serious, and Ethel's lips trembled as she said, "Thank you, Miss Grayson. I hope I shall never forget the message. Where is it, please?"

"In the twenty-second verse of the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. I wish you would take it for your text this year."

The Society of Christian Endeavor in the Second Church did not refurnish the Bible class-room. Their funds were given to the payment of the yearly interest. Old Mrs. Jackson openly rejoiced that "her words had been spoken in season, and the young folks taught their duty."

One day, some months later, Ruth overheard the girls in school talking about her. May Leonard was saying, "I always admired Ruth Hudson, but, do you know, I was afraid of her. She is so smart, and used to say such sharp things; but lately she has changed; she is sweeter. I love her now."

Ruth's heart glowed. "It is true," she thought, "if we give up anything for Christ's sake, we do have a reward. It is all that carpet. I am so glad I gave up. I believe I feel sorry for old Mrs. Jackson."

—*Helen Jay in Golden Rule.*

"DO YOU GO WITHOUT IT YOURSELF?"

The following extract from the life of Samuel Morley will not only illustrate the way in which this noble temperance worker became an abstainer, but it may also suggest to some who are fond of lecturing the "working-classes" on their duty in this matter that good example helps wise precept wonderfully:—

The manner of Mr. Morley's becoming a pledged man is well known in temperance circles; but it is, of course, fitting that it should have a place in his biography, and Mr. Hodder deals with the incident in the following manner:—"Mr. Morley was addressing a large meeting of working men, and was pressing upon them the importance of being total abstainers, when a laboring man rose up and, interrupting him in his speech, said: 'Do you go without yourself? I daresay, if the truth's known, you take your glass or two of wine after dinner, and think no harm of it. Now, sir, do you go without yourself?' 'This rather shut me up for an instant,' said Mr. Morley, when telling the story; 'but when I looked round at those poor fellows whom I had been asking to give up what they regarded—no matter how erroneously—as their only luxury, I had my answer ready pretty quickly. No,' I said, 'but I will go without from this hour.'" And he did. From that time forth he never touched wine or any other intoxicating beverage again, except for a short period after an illness, and under imperative orders from his physician. As a matter of fact Mr. Morley had never been in the habit of taking his "glass or two of wine after dinner," but an occasional glass with his meals he enjoyed, and was under the impression that it did him good. He was rejoiced at the step he had taken, not because of its self-denial, but because of the immense power it would give him henceforth in speaking to others and influencing them. He was surprised that he had never seen it in that light before, and, with his simple straightforwardness, he set to work at once to try and open the eyes of others.

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.

The following beautiful chemical experiment may be easily performed to the great astonishment of many at a party. Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small pieces, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour off the liquid into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third the same quantity of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing acid will quickly become a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to a red, and on adding a little solution of soda to the red, it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.—*Selected.*

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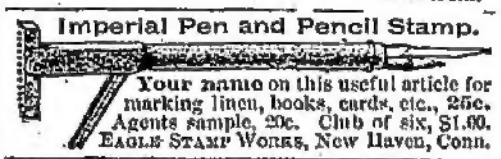

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